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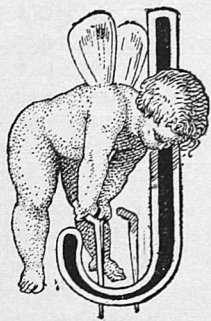
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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



UST four "Americans"—not all from the United States—exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1881. In the Salon of the present year, the number of exhibitors from the United States was 105, more than twice as many as belong to any other foreign country. Henry Havard, in *The Siècle*, maintains, in addition, that works of considerable originality are more numerous among them than among the

native painters. This he accounts for by the supposition that the Americans who send works to the Salon are only those who have already attained a success at home, and by the fact that their early training, mental as well as artistic, has been freer than is possible for a French artist. There may be something in the second supposition, but as to the first, it is notorious that the names of the great majority of American artists whose pictures appear on the walls of the Palais de l'Industrie until then are unknown in their own country. Most of these American exhibitors have graduated from Parisian ateliers, and, with very few exceptions, the rest of them, unable to sell their pictures in the United States, have deliberately expatriated themselves, in the hope of securing that cachet of foreign approval, without which, to the shame of our picture-buyers be it said, success at home is almost impossible to them from a money point of view.

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It happens sometimes that one of these Americans who has worked, with perhaps a hundred other students, in one of the big Parisian ateliers, nominally under the direction of some famous painter, one fine May day will blaze forth at the Salon like a comet, and the master will quite fail to recognize his name—perhaps he never knew it. Such was the case with George Hitchcock, whose "Tulip Culture" last year won such high praise. Gérôme—in whose atelier he had been when he first went to Paris—remarked to a New York Herald correspondent: "I think this 'Tulip Culture' the best American picture this year, but the painter is quite unknown to me." It is not very surprising, after all, though. If Gérôme did not recall the name of the young American, there was certainly nothing in the picture to mark the impress of his own teaching. There was no trace of it. Hitchcock had gone from Paris to Holland, where Mesdag and Mauve became his advisers. "My dear young friend, you paint with the wrong end of your brush," Mesdag told him, and, acting on the hint, Hitchcock learned to paint with breadth and freedom, and after some years of diligent study he saw his "Tulip Culture" hung in the Salon on the line, and heard whispered about him the magic words: "il est arrivé."

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GEORGE HITCHCOCK'S success perhaps surprised no one more than himself. At the opening of the Salon he was unknown, and he could have counted his fortune on his two hands. Two months later he has sold his Salon picture to Mr. William H. Tailler, an appreciative New Yorker, who owns many good American paintings, and, after disposing of some less important things in his studio, found himself with a bank balance of over six thousand dollars. It is not generally known that Mr. Hitchcock's family intended him for the law, and that it was only after he was graduated from the Law School at Harvard, with the idea of following that profession, and when, after the lapse of some years, he failed to accomplish anything in it, that he went to Paris and seriously turned his attention to painting. That was about ten years ago, and he was then over thirty.

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PRINCESS VICTORIA of Wales has developed a remarkable talent for pastel-drawing, and has just completed a very clever portrait of Queen Victoria. The Prince of Wales is pleased at this exhibition of artistic ability on the part of his daughter, and will use every effort to have it developed. He is a good critic of pictures himself.—*The New York World.*

The taste for art seems inherent in the royal family of England. Queen Victoria used her pencil formerly

with no little skill, and painted in water-colors. The Princess Louise, who uses both oils and water-colors, was one of the early subscribers to *The Art Amateur*—at least, I assume it was for her that the magazine was ordered for the Government House when she resided in Canada. Prince Leopold, like his father, Prince Albert, took a most intelligent interest in art matters, although neither, I believe, used pencil or palette. Queen Dowager Victoria of Germany is said to be a gifted amateur artist, and at least one of her daughters inherits her talent. As to the Prince of Wales being "a good critic of pictures"—that may seriously be doubted. A fair example of his ability in that way was told on the occasion of a visit he paid to Oxford not long ago. A Don of one of the colleges stopped with him before a small painting and told him it was by Herkomer. "Ah, yes! One of the old masters, I presume!" exclaimed His Royal Highness.

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THE name Herkomer reminds me that the death is reported of Mr. Lorenz Herkomer, the venerable father of Hubert Herkomer, who accompanied him on his visit to this country, and was always seen with him, for they were devotedly attached to each other. The old gentleman—he reached his seventy-fourth year—was a wood-carver by occupation, and when in New York could generally be seen at his work-bench, through the open door of his son's studio, his flowing white beard and his strongly marked features making him a picturesque figure. Even while in this country he busied himself day after day with the carvings which were to beautify the home his son was building at Bushey, and I notice in the account of his death in an English paper before me that he was still working on them shortly before his death, which was quite sudden. "His workshop was almost unique," says *The Cabinet Maker*, "for in it one could see a craftsman enjoying himself like an amateur. He was able to give full play to his ability, with the consciousness that he was helping to add beauty to a home for his descendants, and that they would be the guardians of his best work. Mr. Lorenz Herkomer preserved the old-fashioned German simplicity and straightforwardness, and as a specimen of a race of men that is fast becoming extinct he was no less interesting than as an artist."

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It appears from the first part of the report (just published) of the British commission of appointed experts on the action of light upon water-color pigments, that the durability of water-color drawings, when enclosed in a completely air-tight frame, is established.

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By the death of Frank Holl, the London Royal Academy loses one of its most vigorous portrait painters and one of its most honored associates. It is doubtful, though, whether he would have held high rank as an artist in either France or Germany. Unless his sitter chanced to be of marked physiognomy he seldom succeeded in a likeness. Lacking in tenderness and refinement, his portraits of women were seldom successful. Mr. Holl always reminded me of Bonnat, especially in his way of forcing his carnations by means of dark backgrounds. But he had neither the color nor the technical equipment of Bonnat.

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SOME connoisseurs of "old masters" love to hold to a picture in its original state as much as possible—that is to say, on its original canvas, panel or other material. This is no doubt right to a certain degree, but it sometimes happens that, to preserve the painting, it must be transferred to a new canvas or a new panel. An anecdote of one of the Rothschilds, told by Henri Garnier, illustrates this point pretty well. Having admired at a certain sale a famous Rembrandt, afterward in the Wilson collection, he dwelt particularly on the fact that it was on the original canvas. A picture dealer overhearing him, asked him, if he should buy it, to let him have it for a few days, at the end of which time, he, the dealer, would return to the Baron what he most admired—namely, the canvas, and would, with his permission, keep for himself the painting. It is understood that the Baron did not comply with this modest request, though he appreciated the joke against himself.

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THIS work of transferring is often done with perfect success, and Mr. Garnier no doubt is right in claiming that in France the art has been brought to perfection.

For instance, the Marquis de Casa-Riera has a magnificent oiling in fresco by Tiepolo, which has been taken from the wall on which it was originally painted and put on canvas. The Count Camondo has, in the same manner, saved four splendid decorative panels by Natoire. The paintings with which Corot decorated his little garden kiosk at Ville d'Avray, when the property was bought by the publisher Lemerre, were taken from the plaster by his orders, and mounted on canvas, in which state they are much better assured against accident. In this country, comparatively speaking, next to nothing is known about picture transferring, although some very neat jobs of restoration have been done. One I recall in particular was in the case of a painting by Carolus Duran—a half-length figure of an Oriental woman—which was shockingly mutilated during the fire at the Lotos Club a few years ago, when Chase's portrait of Peter Cooper was destroyed. One of the firemen had dragged it from the wall over the mantelpiece and impaled it on the gas-fixture, so that one of the eyes of the woman was punched out and her nose was lacerated in a terrible way. Besides this there were various minor injuries. The insurance company allowed the club \$1500 for the damage to this particular picture and kept the picture. Subsequently I was shown the much-injured houri in such a complete state of restoration that unless one had known of the ordeal through which she had passed and had looked for the evidences of it, one would hardly have suspected that the canvas had sustained any injury at all.

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J. M. B., of Indianapolis, writes:

What is Mr. Whistler's mark intended to represent? I have heard that it is the lines marked on his face by a down making him up as a Harlequin.

This is a mistake, I think. It is generally understood that the mark is copied from a Japanese conventionalized butterfly.

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PROFESSOR MORSE'S great collection of Japanese pottery, of which mention was made in these columns a few months ago, when our Metropolitan Museum of Art was advised to buy it, has been sold, I am informed, to a Boston lady for \$35,000. It is doubtful if there will ever again be such a chance for New York. The collection could hardly be duplicated in a ten years' search through Japan, with an exhaustless purse to draw upon. It is absolutely unequalled. About half the price given for Meissonier's "1807" might have secured the prize for the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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A MOST important contribution to the modern literature of Oriental ceramic art is Professor Morse's article in the September number of Harper's Magazine, called "Old Satsuma." What is told there will be a revelation to scores of European and American collectors, who will learn for the first time that their "old Satsuma" is not "old" and not even "Satsuma." Nor is that all. Even museums of art have paraded "colossal Satsuma vases in pairs, gorgeous with glitter and gold," on the authority of "costly books, with triumphs of the chromo-lithographer's skill, depicting what was supposed to be different periods of this Satsuma ware"—all victims of ignorant collectors or unscrupulous dealers! Little genuine old Satsuma is to be found even in Japan, and that is represented by small pieces, such as bowls, incense boxes and the like, and the modest makers of these gems did not deem it of importance to stamp or mark their names in any way. The plain white crackled Satsuma was first decorated with vitriable enamels and gold in the style known as "Nishiki de," or brocade, painted less than a century ago. In some collections there are some older pieces decorated in this manner; but the piece alone is old; the decoration has been put on to suit the European and American amateur.

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THE cultivated taste of the Japanese collector favors the simplicity of the undecorated ware. But the white finely crackled ware is not the oldest Satsuma, nor is it the kind most prized in Japan. The rare Satsuma wares most esteemed are illustrated by Professor Morse from his collection. He shows us various examples of rough-looking pottery, such as the average European or American collector would not want in his cabinet. Some of the specimens are of red clay with a warm dark gray glaze, inlaid with white; others of a yellowish clay with a white glaze, inlaid with black, and again others of

stone gray clay given a buff gray tone by the transparent glaze. The glaze in most cases is the chief and sometimes is the only charm. A brown glaze with "wonderful splashes of transparent olive brown overglaze flecked with exquisite light blue streaks"—such is the description of one of the choicest pieces. But Professor Morse's article is far too important for me to attempt to summarize it in a paragraph or two. Every student of the Ceramic art of Japan is bound to read it with close attention. Having done so, he will, naturally, be very anxious to examine the objects themselves. That is now out of the question; for, as I have said, the collection has now passed into private hands. Should he visit the rooms of the First Japanese Trading Company, in Broadway, however, he will find there a few specimens of the genuine old Satsuma—both of the "grès" varieties and of the white fine crackle. I know of no other place where one can study the subject. It certainly cannot be done at the Metropolitan Museum.

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THERE, even the fine Avery collection of Chinese porcelains is practically useless, in the absence of a catalogue. When, I wonder, will the Trustees realize this truth and supply the deficiency? Can it be that no one dare undertake the job? It may well be so in view of the recent shocking revelation of what art museums don't know about old Satsuma.

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APROPOS of the Lonsborough sale, The Moniteur des Arts remarks that the tide of curiosity has turned and that now the English are selling and the French buying of them. Among the articles bought by Frenchmen was the famous casque in the form of a pig's head, from the Chateau von Hulstrop in Bavaria, which went to Mr. Foule for \$2125. The executioner's sword, which brought \$5200 at the sale, cost Lord Lonsborough but \$75. Mr. Spitzer, of Paris, bought for \$3250 a cuirass ornamented with a golden sun, which had belonged to the King of Saxony. A Frenchman, name not given, paid \$5200 for a meerschaum pipe.

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AT a recent sale in London, a proof of Waltner's etching of Rembrandt's "Gilder" brought \$129—the price in New York is \$75; a remarque proof of Bracquemond's etching of "La Rixe," after Meissonnier, sold for \$300—the price here is \$600. A proof of the same, without remarque, went for \$175—the price here is \$300. "A Harvest Field," by David Cox, water-color, brought \$575; a Copley Fielding "Entrance to the Port of Bridlington," \$1205; Sir John Gilbert's "Charles I. and Prince Rupert," \$705; William Hunt's "Autumn Fruits," \$705; Turner's "Castle of Tintagel," \$1075, and "The Sea, the Sea!" \$680. Rosa Bonheur's "Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau" brought \$1075, and J. Israel's "Return from Work," \$290. Of the oil-paintings sold, W. P. Frith's "Swift and Vanessa" brought \$1330; B. W. Leader's "Mountain and Solitude," \$1235; Mr. Millais's "St. Martin's Summer," \$4411; Alma Tadema's "The Last Race," \$3885; Rosa Bonheur's "Forest of Fontainebleau," \$4406; J. Israel's "The Dog-Cart," \$1270; Madrazo's "Leaving for the Ball" and "Return from the Ball," together, \$2730, and Guardi's "Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice," \$2045.

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AMERICAN friends of the painter Escosura will be sorry to learn that his house in the Rue de la Faisanderie in Paris was entered by burglars on August 14th and robbed of about \$20,000 worth of property. Among other valuable works of art carried away were a Gothic ostensor with figurines in silver; a bishop's staff in silver; several censers ornamented with chimeras in silver; a pen-knife in gold enamel; reliquaries, crosses and bracelets in the precious metals, some of them set with precious stones. Some of these articles may find their way to this country and be offered for sale. In that event, they may be recognized; for, prior to its alleged dispersion at auction here, the collection was on exhibition for several weeks in New York and Boston. It does not appear that the burglars stole any of Mr. Escosura's own paintings.

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IT is possible to carry to excess one's regard for the unities in art. For instance, I hear of an æsthetic New Yorker who was recently much disturbed in spirit because a guest at his table, having asked for French mustard, the butler brought it in a George-the-Second mustard pot.

MONTEZUMA.

The Cabinet.

TALKS WITH EXPERTS.

V.—TADAMASA HAYASHI ON ORIENTAL CERAMICS.



ABITUAL cheerfulness and good humor, according to the author of "Le Japon," in the magnificent serial "Paris Illustré," are distinguishing features of the Japanese character. Mr. Hayashi is himself a living illustration of his own remark. It is rarely that there is not a twinkle in his eye, a smile lurking about the corners of his mouth. Though long a resident of the principal European capitals, he is comparatively a stranger in New York, and unused to our custom of "interviewing" people from whom we have anything to learn; he apparently found it, in his own case, to be highly amusing, and submitted himself to the questionings of The Art Amateur's representative with the best grace in the world. These questions, carefully prepared beforehand, were artfully contrived to draw out from him the most elementary as well as the most recondite information about Chinese and Japanese ceramics. He was not to be allowed to choose his topic, to trot out his favorite hobby, as collectors are wont to do whenever they get a chance, but was placed upon the rack and systematically tortured for the benefit of all of The Art Amateur's readers, those who do not know the difference between porcelain and faïence, as well as those who have fortunes invested in the one or the other.

"What kind of porcelains do you consider most worthy to be called works of art?" was the opening question.

"The blue and white of Shonsui," Mr. Hayashi replied, and patriotically giving the palm to his own country wares, added: "The Hirado and the Nabeshima wares come after; and among the products of individuals those of Kakiyemon of Imari and Goto Saïtiro of Kutani are the best. As for Imari, Kaga, Seto and other such wares, they are industrial products of more or less merit, but only exceptionally works of art. Of the blue and white Shonsui only one well-authenticated piece exists in Europe to my knowledge. That is in the Ernest Hart collection in London."

"The differences between Kaga and Imari wares are many and marked," he replied, in answer to another question. "It is usually sufficient to look to the decoration. In Imari ware the design is in blue under glaze, the other colors being applied over glaze with a second firing. In Kaga ware, the blue under glaze is exceptional."

He smiled as he recognized in the next question that which is always put by the beginner in collecting or the would-be connoisseur in quest of knowledge: "How do you distinguish these artistic porcelains from the commoner sort?"

Still smiling, he rolled his cigarette between his fingers and turned over the customary phrases in his mind before answering. "It is enough to have had the most elementary education of the eye," said he, "to be able to distinguish works of art from objects of the bazaar. As well ask how to tell a terra-cotta of Clodion from the little statuettes turned out in such numbers by Italian workmen, or how to tell an old Limoges plaque from a common modern piece of enamelling. The porcelain which we rank as art charms us by its style, the suavity of its color, the elegance of its form, the fineness of its texture, the beauty of its decoration. Our senses and our minds must have been trained to appreciate these qualities; when they have been, we are as little likely to take a commercial porcelain for artistic as we are to take a sign-painter's work for that of a great artist. To become a good judge it is, of course, necessary to see many examples. Something it is also necessary to have been born in one. The adorers of vulgar and striking effects never arrive at a true appreciation of works of art. The same training, the same gifts and similar opportunities for making frequent comparisons are necessary in order to learn to distinguish one sort of artistic porcelain from another; as, for example, Chinese from Japanese porcelains. Each has its character, as French work is different from Italian, even when copying the latter."

Returning to the first question, he said in effect that in China the porcelains of the Ming period, beginning A.D.

1368, are more esteemed than the Ching and the Song (960 to 1279) more than the Ming. The Ching is intermediate in date between the Ming and the Song.

"With the Chinese, the very ancient celadons and a white porcelain, pure, fine and very thin, are very highly prized. The bluish tinted white comes after. The Chinese differ from European amateurs as to what they consider the most perfect porcelains. Many of the latter appear to prefer late specimens of the Kang-he period, the middle of the seventeenth century, while the Chinese give the preference to the more ancient wares."

Asked whether a knowledge of the marks on Chinese and Japanese porcelains was not of great importance in determining the date and source, and in consequence, the value of the work, he said: "They (the marks) are of very secondary importance. The main thing is the quality of the work; after that the mark. Marks are even of less importance than the signature on a European picture, and this is so for several reasons. In the first place, those which designate a particular maker, factory, or even period of renown, have been copied by the wholesale, without fraudulent intent, but with the result of making marks valueless unless to an expert in Chinese or Japanese handwriting. A man as well versed in the handwriting of different epochs as an expert in European manuscripts and autographs requires to be able indeed to tell at a glance whether a given mark is the original or a copy of one two or more centuries later. Similarly, in the case of the mark or signature of an individual potter, he may be able to tell the genuine from a copy. But a man may be a very good judge of porcelains while knowing nothing of all this. And, indeed, such knowledge is not easy of acquirement. Even the expert will give but a secondary importance to the mark, just as an expert in paintings will unhesitatingly pronounce an unsigned work to be by Rubens or by Delacroix, and one signed with either of those names to be by some one else, without making a critical examination of the signature."

"How can you distinguish genuine marks from the counterfeit?"

"As I have said, only by a knowledge of the handwriting of the original. Almost all the marks are autographic, and each man and each period has a characteristic style recognizable when once known. In China and Japan the copying of marks has been, at certain periods, almost universal. It was regarded merely as a legitimate means of advertisement for a potter to call his ware by the name given to a ware already in high repute. Factories have borrowed one another's marks. Father, son, grandson and great-grandson have used the same mark on wares of very different qualities. A man who had had the good fortune to have been apprenticed to a famous maker would, after returning to his native province, reproduce his late master's mark upon ware perhaps altogether different in material and design."

"All this confusion must make the study of marks in Oriental ceramics a special and a very difficult study."

"It is. It is a study which only a few may hope to bring to such a point that it may be of some use to them. Collectors generally pay little attention to it. Take such connoisseurs as Messrs. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, Heber R. Bishop, Charles A. Dana, Brayton Ives, H. O. Havemeyer, Henry G. Marquand, Thomas B. Clarke and J. A. Garland, of New York; Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, and Mr. Nickerson, of Chicago. Their collections are marvels of beauty, showing the perfection of taste and surprising judgment in selection. But none of these gentlemen began by first studying the history of ceramic art and the marks, and then setting to work to find examples. On the contrary; each followed his own instinct and learned from his own experience—which is the only way for one to become a connoisseur. They judged their bottles and vases for what they were, caring very little what might be found on the bottoms of them. And so it is with all true collectors. Indeed, my experience has taught me that those who know all about the marks are more likely to be deceived than those who know nothing."

"Your advice would be, then, to pay no attention to the marks?"

"Hardly that; but it is much more important to know about the porcelain than about the mark on it—about the work than about the signature. When one has learned to recognize the beauty of the object for its own sake, then it is natural enough to inquire by whom the piece was made, and when and how? It is here that the office of the expert comes in, and he tells us all about